

The Critic

Published Weekly. J. L. & J. B. Gilder, Editors. Office, No. 30 Lafayette Place, New York. Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 11, 1883.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, at Chas. Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, E. P. Dutton & Co.'s, and Brentano's, and the principal news-stands in the city. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.'s Old Corner Book-store, and elsewhere. Philadelphia: Wanamaker's, and all the leading stands. Washington: A. Brentano & Co.'s, and B. Adams's. Chicago, Ill.: Pierce & Snyder, 122 Dearborn Street. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, No. 5 Carondelet Street. London: American Exchange, 449 Strand, and B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square. Paris: Galignani's, 224 Rue de Rivoli. Rome: Office of the *Nuova Antologia*. Auckland, New Zealand: W. B. Langbridge.

SUBSCRIPTION: \$3.50 a year, in advance; to teachers and clergymen, \$3. Bound volumes Vol. I, \$10 each; unbound, \$9; Vol. II., bound, \$5; unbound, \$4; cloth covers (for binding), 65 cts. Remittances should be made by post-office order, express-order, registered letter, or cheque.

Subscribers whose subscriptions have expired are requested to renew at once.

UNTIL Sept. 22d THE CRITIC will be published fortnightly. The next number will appear on Aug. 25, and subsequent numbers at intervals of two weeks, until the date mentioned above—September 22—when the regular weekly issues will be resumed. This change will have the effect of postponing the expiration of each subscription to a later date than that on which it would otherwise expire.

Henry James and Alphonse Daudet.

MR. JAMES divides his article on Alphonse Daudet, contributed to the *August Century*, into five parts. Why he divides it at all we do not know, since, properly speaking, the article has no parts; why he makes five parts, instead of four, or six, we do not know, since, to the reader, any other number would have been equally rational; and why the parts are arranged in this order we do not know, since by reading them in the reverse order, or by beginning at the middle and proceeding toward each end in succession, the effect would be substantially the same. This is merely saying that the article has no beginning, no middle, no conclusion—that it takes things in no order, that it follows no plan; and that, consequently, the reader, when through with it, finds the impressions upon his mind so confused, his love of order so little satisfied, and his interest so relaxed, that if asked roundly to state what he had learned of M. Daudet, he might with reason be excused for hesitating to reply. It is safe to assume that no reader, without subsequent laborious gleaning of the pages, would fairly estimate—much less find available—the amount of information actually furnished.

That this result is owing to a radical lack—or utter disregard—of logical method, will not be questioned. Of its absence Mr. James is himself not unaware, since he takes occasion to excuse the want of it by saying that the effect of M. Daudet's genius is such as to make difficult the taking of things in order, or the following of a plan. But he surely errs in supposing that the statement of this difficulty should dispose his readers the more readily to excuse his failure to surmount it, as he more seriously errs in attempting, without surmounting it, to see before them anything like a portrait of the genius whose elusive features he undertook to sketch. As it is, instead of a 'literary photograph'—instead of 'a portrait from the hand of an admirer'—as was promised, merely the features of M. Daudet are to be found scattered at random over a somewhat extensive

canvas, for him who will to get together and arrange for himself as best he can.

The article exhibits, moreover, certain mannerisms of Mr. James which it would be difficult to approve. It is about eleven pages long. Of these eleven pages two are filled with quotations from Emile Zola, and with merely narrative citations from the works of M. Daudet. Of critical matter there thus remain about nine pages. Within the space of these Mr. James refers to himself, in various ways, not less than one hundred and ninety-five times. In his 'Life of Hawthorne' Mr. James calls Poe pedantic; we should just here be pleased to know what Poe would say of Mr. James. By no means all these references are censurable, it is quite true; some are almost unavoidable, others are altogether natural, and others again readily excusable. But the day has gone by for saying that the use of them to the extent indicated is bad style, bad logic, bad religion, and—what M. Daudet would, no doubt, regard as infinitely worse than bad religion—bad manners. The general effect upon the reader's mind is the suggestion, that while Mr. James is painting the portrait of the French novelist—to use once more his figure—he now and then steps aside, to bestow a few masterly strokes upon an altogether admirable companion picture of himself. It may be well to specify, among several objectionable usages, the habit with Mr. James of apparently regarding nothing complete without his presence or signature: thus, 'We have no one in England or America,' 'if we were talking French,' 'our English-speaking genius,' 'our modern class of trained writers,' 'a class we don't specify in American magazines,' 'to us readers of Protestant race,' etc., until we get the idea that somehow Mr. James is the indispensable basis of all generalization whatsoever.

Perhaps as bad as this is his habit of using a French word in connection with the phrase, 'as the French say,' thus: 'Coquine, as the French say,' 'raffiné, as the French say,' 'la note émue, as the French have it,' 'what the French call *pièce*,' 'voulu, as the French say,' 'rendu, as the French say,' so that the mind becomes disciplined to the ludicrous refrain, and no sooner is a French word caught sight of anywhere in his pages than the previously associated veteran phrase reports promptly for duty, even though sometimes it has to retire humbled at being—well, *de trop*,—'as the French say.' This mannerism is not confined to French, where, of course, its use is at times quite unobjectionable; but runs on and on and on, thus: 'a line, as we say,' 'felt, as the æsthetic people say,' 'dead-beats, as we say,' 'what we call the feeling of a place,' 'the inside view, as the phrase is,' 'goes in, as the phrase is,' 'papery quality, as I may call it,' 'well-founded, as I may say.'

The extent to which Mr. James differs with Mr. Warner touching the main object of the novel does not seem after all essential. When Mr. Warner says that the object of the novel is to entertain, he evidently means the remote object. When Mr. James says that the object of the novel is to represent life, he evidently means the immediate object. The question would then come back to him 'Why represent life,' and the answer would be Mr. Warner's—'To entertain.' So it seems that the two statements could well be put together thus: the object of the novel is to entertain by representing life. However this may be, what is to be thought of Mr. James for giving a definition, the terms of which he afterward says may have infinite differences of meaning? Such a definition is vague and virtually useless—as the Americans say. JAMES LANE ALLEN.

Literature

Specimens of French Prose and Verse.*

MR. GEORGE SAINTSBURY is a man of wide reading, fair judgment, and indefatigable industry. These qualities are qualifications not altogether satisfactory and adequate in a historian of French literature, in which attitude Mr. Saintsbury last appeared before us; but they are sufficient for an editor of an anthology. As an original critic, Mr. Saintsbury is rigidly insular and hopelessly arid. As an editor he is painstaking and exact. In the volume of 'Specimens of French Literature' (1) prepared for the Clarendon Press, and uniform in style and size with his hard and dry but trustworthy 'Short History of French Literature,' and in the smaller and lighter volume of 'French Lyrics' (2), previously contributed to the Parchment Series, Mr. Saintsbury is seen in his proper place and at his best. Both volumes deserve high commendation. They contain most of the things they ought to contain, and omit most of the things they ought to omit; and the editor obtrudes himself and his own opinions as little as may be. Of course no two competent critics would ever agree on the specimens that should be taken to represent the vast plain of French Literature, and even in the smaller and less fertile field of French song it would be hopeless to expect two compilers to prepare exactly the same table-of-contents. Making due allowance for the personal equation, then, we may praise both selections with but slight reserve. In both is to be found Clement Marot's delightfully sly and satiric 'Frère Lubin'—of interest to Americans in that it has been translated by both Bryant and Longfellow; but neither in the 'Specimens' nor in the 'French Lyrics' is there any note or indication that it is a *ballade à double refrain*, a detail of form not followed by either Bryant or Longfellow. The form, it may be remarked incidentally, is that adopted by Mr. Austin Dobson in his brilliant 'Ballad of Prose and Rhyme,' in which the two refrains are contrasted and set off against each other with quite as much skill as by Clement Marot. In neither volume has Mr. Saintsbury inserted the tender and manly lines of Corneille to Marquise de Gorla (Mlle. Du Parc), a beautiful outbreak of wounded love and proud poetic dignity—imitated from afar, but with much skill and brilliancy, in Mr. Frederick Locker's 'Any Poet to his Love.' But it is hardly fair to find fault with the editor for any omissions unless they are flagrantly unjust, and this is not. Especially apt has been the selection of good specimens of the best French poems in the fixed forms which the younger generation of English and American poets have borrowed from the still living Frenchmen who revived them after a sleep of more than two hundred years.

The purchaser of either of these volumes will have at hand ballades by Villon and Clement Marot; and in the Parchment Series volume are other ballades by Theodore de Banville and Albert Glatigny. In both is to be found the original and typical villanelle, 'J'ai Perdu ma Tourterelle,' of Jean Passerat. And either book will supply ammunition to any one who wishes to assault the self-made and bastard mixture of the rondel and the rondeau which Mr. Swinburne has just set before the public in his new 'Century of Roundels.' At this late date, after good rondeaux and rondels have been written in English by so many poets, it is absurd in Mr. Swinburne to ignore their efforts and make a feeble form for himself. The prose selections in the 'Speci-

mens' are as well made as the poetic, though it is no easy matter to pick out of Alexandre Dumas, or Charles de Bernard, or Gustave Flaubert, or Prosper Mérimée, just the fragment which, wrenched from its context, shall fairly represent the author, and also serve as a typical specimen of the varying forms of French prose style. If we might be allowed again to intrude our own opinion, it would be to regret the omission of the poem of Gerard de Nerval—'There is a tune, which, when I hear,' as Mr. Andrew Lang has rendered it—which seems to have been written in anticipation of the rediscovery of 'Amaryllis,' the gavotte of Louis XIII. In conclusion we must protest against the affectation of the Latin titles now and again prefixed by the British editor—an efflorescence of the *morgue académique* which disfigures much if not most of Mr. Saintsbury's always conscientious and generally useful work.

"Sketches of Travel."*

THE author of these sketches of travel begins by misquoting a common saying to the effect that whoever would thoroughly understand his own language must study another. His application of this is that in order to love one's native land as it deserves, one should pass through the experience of being, for a time, 'a stranger in a foreign one.' Although agreeing with him in this sentiment, we must go back to his pedagogic quotation in order to remark that Mr. Kendig himself does not seem, either in the way prescribed or in any other, to have acquired a correct and careful knowledge of the English language. His book presents an entertaining table-of-contents, including all the points of interest likely to be visited in a two-years' journey round the globe. Dip into it where we will, we receive the impression that the matter of the book is mostly derived from the perusal of other and better books of travel. The author's second-hand information is interspersed with a good deal of 'ground and lofty tumbling' in matters of style, opinion and sentiment, which we are quite willing to consider as original with Mr. Kendig.

A few specimens, taken here and there, will enable one to judge for himself. The recital begins with a page or two about the author's ocean-voyage. 'The nights out at sea' are found 'particularly uplifting.' Looking upon the phosphorescent track of the vessel, and thinking of going below, Mr. Kendig tells us that 'to sleep seemed a waste of time, as well as the exercise of an awful trust.' On the next page we find him in the neighborhood of Naples, and 'clambering over the partially excavated Herculaneum,' from which vantage ground he says that, 'surveying the graves of an hundred thousand people, the destruction of forest and plain, half a hundred cities and villages, and the unspeakable splendors of the prospect, it seems natural from the impulse alike of the hideous and the beautiful to go forward—excelsior.' He does go forward, and tells us that 'Pompeii was only a provincial town, yet, instead of wash-basins, you find baths that cost millions of money, and the labor of 20,000 men for eight years, and everywhere a rich profusion of art.' Going northward he visits Vienna, and not long after arrives in Breslau, where the following reflection suggests itself to him: 'Many sighs may escape in contemplating the dismemberment of Poland, with her 30,000,000 of inhabitants, but it will also be forcibly brought to mind that under the gigantic energies of the Western civilization, the nation that dares to slumber, and

* (1) Specimens of French Literature from Villon to Hugo. New York: Macmillan & Co. (2) French Lyrics. (Parchment Series.) New York: D. Appleton & Co.

* Sketches of Travel. By J. A. J. Kendig. Chicago: Legal News Company.

is not up and doing, will be overtaken, dismembered and absorbed, as a mere manifest destiny.' We will not accuse Mr. Kendig of having derived his views on this matter from the study of any adequate work on the history of Poland. Perhaps we may fitly take leave of his experiences in Germany with two quotations, of which the first avers that 'Dresden is as moral as the best of the cities of the United States, and much more sincere.' The second is a summing-up of Prince Bismarck's characteristics: 'Very few men have wrought so valuable and permanent achievements. He is six feet four, and almost the breadth of an ordinary man's length across the shoulders. To behold him is an heroic education.'

We may now follow our author to classic lands, and enjoy his first impressions of Greece: 'When you see the dawn breaking over the mountains of the Tenebræ, all the classic visions of your college days, like owls and eagles, hover over and look upon Greece; but when you see the sun actually rise, red in his face, in the struggle with the waters of the Ægean Sea, you are already, in feverish expectation, in Athens.' We have room for very little more, but cannot pass by Mr. Kendig's candid admission—while speaking of a terrible conflagration in Constantinople—that 'it is a trifle brash for a Chicago man to say much about a town having too many fires.' In Cawnpore he finds 'the Dak bungalow a jolly contrivance for the shook-up traveller to put up at.' And in Japan he remarks upon 'the skew eyed amazement' with which the natives regard 'our all work and no play.'

"Nature Studies."

WERE we to act upon the principle that good wine needs no bush, we should certainly forbear praising the 'potable gold' presented in 'Nature Studies.' The twenty-four essays comprised under this attractive brand are with but two exceptions the work of Professor Proctor, Grant Allen and Andrew Wilson, and all are at once agreeable reading and intellectually stimulative. That the first essay should be a monograph on Charles Darwin (contributed by Professor Proctor) is peculiarly fitting and significant, since the great naturalist's influence is felt on nearly every page of the book. In Dr. Wilson's paper on 'Found Links' we have, as might be expected, a doughty defence of 'evolution and descent' (though the one missing link most necessary to the completion of the chain is still wanting); again, in 'Colors of Animals,' a prime tenet of Darwinism—the theory of mimicry for purposes of protection—is dwelt upon with special emphasis. Also, in the graceful and affectionate studies of plant-life, by Grant Allen, the text is still from the later gospel of science, the principle of natural selection being clothed with sovereign authority. Still, the 'Publishers' Note to the American Edition'—a note of caution to the 'unscientific reader,' strikes us as oddly conservative and tutelary. Are we, perhaps, to understand that the American unscientific mind more than the British is characterized by a dangerous avidity for new and questionable doctrines?

A clever excursion in ethnology is Mr. Allen's paper entitled, 'Our Ancestors'; this time the object being not to hunt up the origin of man in general, but of the Englishman in particular. The search is interestingly led back to a period previous to the arrival of the Aryans (specifically Celts) in western Europe. So far

from regarding these with the 'excessive filial piety of some German thinkers,' the writer evinces a partiality for the 'Euskarian element,' the little men of the neolithic period,—a race nearly as mysterious as the Mound-Builders of our own continent.—Of great value and timeliness, in this age of cerebral goading, are Professor Proctor's observations on 'Brain Troubles.' In his enumeration of the symptoms indicating mental exhaustion or preceding mental disorder, it is to be noted with what benevolent care he guards against unduly alarming any who may have experienced, in some slight degree, the symptoms mentioned. 'Mind Reading,' also by Professor Proctor, is a gathering of much curious evidence on the yet obscure subject of mental physiology; the stubborn phenomena popularly referred for their cause to mesmerism and animal magnetism here being carefully examined and compared, in a temper avoiding equally 'undue confidence and scepticism.'

If knowledge do not grow from more to more, verifying the legend on the title-page, it will not be the fault of 'Nature Studies,' the direct result of which should be an increase both in the number and zeal of nature-students.

Two Books for American Boys.*

IN the vocabulary of many persons the verb 'to criticise' is almost synonymous with the phrase 'to find fault with,' and to these persons a critic is a writer who delights chiefly in dwelling on the shortcomings of authors. Yet as a matter of fact it is true that there is nothing which so pleases a critic as to find a book he can praise unreservedly. And this is one reason it is a pleasure to review this book of Mr. Beard's (1). Aside from a few slips in literary style, which only go to show that Mr. Beard is more at ease with the pencil than the pen—aside from these trifling lapses, there is really nothing in this work with which the most captious critic could find fault. Those of us who have enjoyed the inestimable privilege of being a boy—and especially an American boy—may recall the disgust with which we tried to extract some nutriment from the dry husks of the old-fashioned and fearfully British 'Boy's Own Book,' with its prehistoric and priggish youngsters at work on Church-of-England chemical experiments. More fortunate is the youth of to-day, if haply he gets this truly American handy-book, inspired by truly Yankee inventiveness, and sure to inspire the native ingenuity latent in every Yankee youngster. For this lad's sake Mr. Beard has considered the seasons as they exist in the United States, and he suggests many instruments of amusement, many quaint devices, many novelties of his own invention, suited to spring and summer and fall and winter. Kites and fishing-tackle and the aquarium; knots and sailing and soap-bubbles; balloons and birds and traps and camping-out; snowball warfare and snow-houses and puppet-shows—these are some of the subjects Mr. Beard has treated with a freshness of touch most appetizing and most unusual in works of this class, which have been for the most part bald compilations. There are over 250 illustrations by the author.

Mr. Newell's book (2) is quite as good as Mr. Beard's, and is as creditable to American scholarship as Mr. Beard's is to American ingenuity. It is an attempt to collect and to write down in detail those games which are so simple that they descend entirely by oral tradi-

* Nature Studies. Edited by Richard A. Proctor. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

(1) The American Boys' Handy Book. By D. C. Beard. New York: Scribner.
(2) Games and Songs of American Children. Collected and Compared by W. W. Newell. New York: Harper.

tion, handed down from child to child or from mother to daughter. Most of these are accompanied by simple rhymes, sung to simple and elementary tunes. These games and these rhymes differ in different localities. Mr. Newell's intelligent industry has been rewarded by the discovery of most interesting identities and dissimilarities between the forms of games and formulas of song as they exist in different states. His book is especially rich in the record of child-lore in New York, New England, and Georgia. It is from Georgia that we have received the best child's book of the generation, the immortal 'Uncle Remus'; and Mr. Newell's book is like Mr. Harris's in that it is at once a source of amusement to children and a contribution of great value to the history of folk-lore. Mr. Harris in his preface only glances at the other and older forms of the folk-tales he sets down with such fine literary art. Mr. Newell brings to bear on his subject a more elaborate critical apparatus. He compares casually in the course of his narrative the American game or rhyme with the game or rhyme of other countries, and in his appendix he gives chapter and verse, referring his readers to the chief historians of child-lore in the leading modern languages. This part of his work is especially well done; indeed, it is well nigh as thorough as Prof. Crane's comparative examination of the Uncle Remus myths or Prof. Childs's exhaustive consideration of ballad-variants.

As Mr. Newell asks for addenda we shall set down at random the few comments which have suggested themselves during a careful reading. On pp. 24-25 is a discussion of 'Hog-Latin.' It might be well to note the kindred French trick called 'Javanais,' much used among theatrical people. The description of the 'Church and the Steeple' (p. 138) is not exactly accurate, and demands illustrations to be readily comprehended: the fingers interlaced form the 'church,' the raised indexes form the 'steeple,' the two thumbs are the 'doors' which open as the hands part slightly, revealing the fingers inside, which typify the 'people.' We incline to the belief that Mr. Newell has been misinformed as to the non-existence in Great Britain of a variant of 'Oats, Pease, Beans and Barley Grow' (p. 80): unless we err it is to be found in one of Walter Crane's or Kate Greenaway's books. 'The technical word for challenge among children in America is "stump,"' says Mr. Newell (p. 122): there is also the word 'stunt,' identical in meaning. We recall having heard a Virginian version of No. 37 (p. 100); and we can add one more to the various 'counting-out rhymes.'

'William a trumpeter,
He's a good fisherman,
Catches his hens
And puts them in pens.
Wire, briar, limber, lock,
Set, and single, twelve o'clock,
O-u-t, out,
With your rotten dish-clout.'

This came from Virginia and seems to be a combination of Mr. Newell's No. 13 from Massachusetts and No. 30 from Georgia.

A Pilgrimage through Spain.*

THE reader who starts on this pilgrimage through Spain must not be daunted when, at the outset, he encounters the following: 'It [Spain] lays one hand on the Straits of Gibraltar, the grand highway of commerce

to the Orient, while *her* left hand holds the Pyrenees as *her* impregnable fortress.' He must not be dismayed by this perspicacious piece of art criticism: 'No man, in our opinion, has ever painted a saint equal to Murillo'; nor at hearing that certain rooms were 'brilliantly lighted with chandeliers of crystal pendants'; nor yet at this extraordinary sequel to a congressional speech by Castelar: 'When the effort is over, the practical debator, Mr. Canovas, begins to pick flaws in the delicately spun theory; to pull out thread by thread; to knock away this leg and then another, and to ask hard questions.' Overlooking these and like literary infelicities, the reader will find both profit and pleasure in following the present guide. We cannot quite assent to Mr. Day's idea that to peruse the siege of Granada, within sight of the scene of its enactment, is 'most thrilling'; *non disputandum*, yet our taste would be to 'read up' on all points of historic interest before entering upon our travels. Such preparation might be amply made by reading the present volume, which is half and half Spanish history and a 'moving panorama' of geographical descriptions. At Madrid, besides the inevitable chronicle of a bull-fight, the author gives some useful information regarding the national government, and Spanish law and its administration. The Escorial is graphically described, as are also the Alhambra and the popular celebration commemorating its recapture from the Moors. At Toledo, Mr. Day finds but one thing which reminds him of the XIXth century, this being the 'famous manufactory of Toledo blades.' Seville, with its great cathedral and its memories of Murillo, is visited; and Jerez, smacking of vintage, receives due attention from the author, who furnishes some interesting notes on the vine and olive culture of the surrounding country. From Cadiz, the traveller passes to Gibraltar, whose natural features, past warlike associations and present occupancy, are minutely and faithfully given. A charming glimpse is afforded of Tangier, the old African city where are living the descendants of the Moorish refugees from Spain, still confidently holding deeds of the lands centuries ago owned by their ancestors on the Peninsula.

"Twelve Americans."*

WHY Mr. Howard Carroll should have chosen to write the lives of the 'Twelve Americans' whose biographies he has published in a single volume is a question that concerns himself only, and not the public. If the public like the selection they will read the book; if they do not they will let it alone—to his profit in the one case, to his loss in the other. Probably, on the whole, his choice will be approved. There are a good many people who will like to know more than they know already of each one of the twelve; many, no doubt, who will like to know something more of more than one of them; and many who will like to hear what can be said of the characters and lives of this dozen of men of whom they have long known, in a vague way, as they have of scores of others, as 'public men.' The biographies are hardly more than sketches; but they are pleasant and entertaining sketches, without any pretence to subtle analysis of character, or any minute details of the incidents in the lives of their subjects. All of these men the author has known personally, and for each he feels a certain degree of personal enthusiasm which gives a charm to his narrative. Probably not more than three or four of the twelve would have been re-

* From the Pyrenees to the Pillars of Hercules. By Henry Day. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* Twelve Americans. By Howard Carroll. New York: Harper & Bros.

membered twenty-five years hence but for this volume; possibly the memory of the other eight or nine will hardly be preserved by it even so long. In the nature of things the interest in them is temporary, being precisely that which is taken in many men in every generation in this country, where the politician achieves a cheap notoriety which only lasts his time. But the notoriety passes for fame for the moment, and for that reason such books are read with pleasure. Mr. Carroll tells judiciously and skilfully all that the public will really care to know of his 'Twelve Americans,' all of whom take rank in their walk of life as among 'our prominent men,' and a few of them as something more.

Fiction in the August Magazines.

THE summer fiction is unusually good, both in books and magazines. In *Lippincott's* the chapters of 'The Jewel in the Lotos' are devoted to a Catholic priest's admissions that, since the world moves and humanity is not stationary, such things as progress and reform are possible to religion.—'The Soul-Sisters' is an original and capital short story, and 'The Idol and the Idolaters' begins well, though it fails of dramatic point in its inconsequent close.

In the July numbers of *The Continent* Marion Harland's 'Judith' continues its fine promise. It gives a vivid picture of life and character and modes of thought rapidly passing out of American civilization, and the fineness of its literary art consists in the fact that, while written from the Southern point of view, it leaves the reader in ignorance whether its tacit admissions are conscious or unconscious; tacit admissions of the pitiable effects of slavery upon the slaveholder, even in the best-regulated families, and of the harassing anxiety it entailed upon those who must surely be able now to look back upon those in bonds 'as bound with them.'

—Helen Campbell's 'What-to-do Club' is a sympathetic story on the question of new fields of labor for women. There are a few more chapters of 'Belinda' for people who would like to read about a young married woman who does not love her husband and does love somebody else. The rest of the fiction is exceedingly light.

In *Harper's* a really fine and stirring situation reveals itself in 'A Castle in Spain,' when Talbot places herself calmly between Brooke and the threatening rifles; and the 'fun' for which the novel was pre-eminently intended, but which hitherto has not been hilariously conspicuous, bursts forth triumphantly in grotesque complications among the pairs of lovers, which make the impatient reader wish immediately for 'more on't.'

—There is only one short story, but since that is by Mrs. Spofford it goes without saying that it is worth a half-dozen of the ordinary magazine sketches. This particular one—'Best Laid Schemes'—is in Mrs. Spofford's richly humorous vein. The lover of fiction will have no need to complain of only one serial and one short story; for the article on 'The German Crown Prince,' by Von Bunsen, is as thrilling as any novel; while in saying that there are delicious bits of fiction in Mr. Lathrop's 'Heart of the Alleghanies' we by no means wish to imply that the gentleman has trusted to his imagination for his facts (for do not we, to whose summer home this heart of the Alleghanies is the long and beautiful approach, love Altoona, and the Alleghanies, and the Pennsylvania Railroad better even than Mr. Lathrop?); but to call attention to that intellectual sunshine with which the author gilds the refined gold

of his material; as when he surmises the astonishment of any wild fowl revisiting the glimpses of the moon at Altoona only to find a huge station hotel, as a surprising development from their unambitious eggs, occupying the site of what had once been a duck-pond.

In *The Century* the much-vexed question of employment for women is twice treated in fiction: by Mr. Howells, in the case of a young lady reduced to being merely a young woman; and by an anonymous writer, in the case of a young woman who wishes to be a fine lady. Mr. Howells's chapters of 'A Woman's Reason' will be read with delight; for this author, eminent in delicate touches and detail, has crowded into this single number more dramatic incident and clever character drawing than he has sometimes thought sufficient for an entire novel. The study of one of those innumerable girls of American good society, educated to know too much to be satisfied with a little and too little to accomplish much, is a most sympathetic and pathetic one; the dramatic touch of Helen's finding her lover's death in the very paper which had just brought her hopes of literary fame is not too picturesque to be entirely probable and natural; while the characters of the clever journalist and of Helen's two women friends, the generous society girl and the sympathetic working-woman, are really characters and not a mere bundle of traits.—The anonymous writer, who, in 'The Bread-Winners,' treats the subject of woman's employment from another point of view, is said to be a 'Great Unknown' even to the editors of the magazine who have accepted the story through a third person. It is interesting and well-written—evidently by a man—and its element of coarseness is inseparable from the subject: that of a young girl humbly born with the fatal gift of beauty and still more fatal gift of ambition that is not aspiration; one of those young women, in short, who would 'get along' admirably if they could be started in life as a princess, but who, when the question is that of earning their living—without breeding or education enough for a governess, or cleverness enough to write or paint, or steadiness enough to keep accounts, while quite too pretty for the shops and too proud for the kitchen—are a problem, indeed, to those who fain would help them.—'The Silk Dress Story' is an amusing bit of work containing this admirable *mot*, worthy of Mr. Tom Appleton's best moments: 'A true Bostonian is one who when he is in Rome does as the Bostonians do.'—'The New Minister's Great Opportunity' is a very entertaining sketch.

In *The Atlantic* Mr. Crawford's story, 'A Roman Singer,' continues to be more than delightful. Represented as told in Italy by an Italian, there is not a line which betrays the American or English touch.—'The Hare and the Tortoise' is a capital story by Sarah Orne Jewett, whose emancipation from the country and country dialect we are prepared to welcome with enthusiasm.—One person in Mr. Lathrop's 'Newport' the reader will be thoroughly glad to meet; and that is, Mr. Lathrop himself. His own brief descriptions and sayings and similes are inimitably good; but as for the people to whom he introduces us, we cannot help wondering, since we certainly should not cultivate them in society, whether it is worth while to devote to them much of our literary leisure. As to the plot, the idea that a young widower, finding in his wife's possessions an offer of marriage received in her maiden days from another gentleman, should seriously consider the propriety of sending the letter to that other gentleman's widow as her 'right,' is only less preposterous than that the

widow, on learning from other sources of such a letter, should demand to have it sent to her.

Minor Notices.

No more beneficent or beautiful institution exists in civilization than the household altar. The gathering of a family, morning and evening, to share in common the highest thoughts, and to kindle, in the touch of soul with soul, the loftiest feelings; to bow in the presence of the Almighty Father, and to seek his inspirations to walk as the children of light—surely this is a culture of character which the freest-minded modern may well grieve to think his race should lose in the march of progress. Happily there is no need to fear any speedy loss of such a benign education of the spirit of man. But there is much room for the wise ennobling of this institution of family prayers. Here and there are to be found fathers who are, intellectually and spiritually, qualified to utilize these sacred moments in the household. But we fancy that the vast majority of average citizens do not find themselves quite as much at home on their knees as at their desks; and that, if they fancy they have the gift of 'eloquent prayer,' those who listen to their hesitating and repetitious ejaculations do not always find the divine charism in the assemblages in our lower rooms. Many an earnest and honest man, born Puritan though he be, must sigh, at the family altar, for a good mass-book. Ministers know that there is but one who can pray to edification where a dozen can preach well. In truth, family prayer holds so important a place in the culture of the children's souls that it should command the ripest, richest ministries of the devotionally gifted. The words of its invocations should come from a vocabulary larger than the 'street' employs, and should breathe out thoughts and aspirations rare upon the exchange. To make of such prayer all that it may become we need to have the saints and the geniuses of religion lead our worship. The unique merit of the book 'For Family Worship,' which Dr. Lyman Abbott has edited and Messrs. Dodd & Mead published, is that, along with a careful selection of Scripture readings, it draws together into a convenient volume, from a wide range of sources, prayers which are noble and full of inspiration. The catholicity of the sources which have been drawn upon in this compilation is shown in such names as these: The Book of Common Prayer, Prayers of the Ages, Aspirations of the World (L. M. Child), Ancient Collects, Family Prayer for Four Weeks (John Hall), Psalms and Litanies (Rowland Williams), and Prayers from Plymouth Pulpit. Some of these prayers are such as, sincerely joined in, must widen the outlook of a young mind and deepen its self knowledge wonderfully. We heartily commend the book to all parents.

THE 'Anecdota Oxoniensia' is a collection, made public under the auspices of the University of Oxford, of 'texts, documents, and extracts, chiefly from manuscripts in the Bodleian and other Oxford libraries.' It is to appear in four series: Classical, Semitic, Aryan, and Mediæval and Modern. The Aryan series was first set in progress, a year or two ago, by the issue of a petty Buddhist tract, edited by Max Müller from block-books collected from China and Japan; it was the first time that a Sanskrit text had been worked up on such a basis. A second part, just out of the press, gives another little Buddhist Sūtra, called the *Sukkhavatt-Vyākha*, a description of Sukkhavati, the Land of Bliss. It is given in both a longer and a shorter form or version—the latter being reproduced from the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, where Muller first published it, in 1880. A detailed preface gives some account of the work and of the condition of its text (which is rather a sorry one), and presents a conspectus of the harmonies and discrepancies of five different Chinese versions of it, made between the II^d and Xth Centuries of our era. The preface closes with a history of the Shin-Siu or Pure Land sect of Chinese and Japanese Buddhists, who hold this treatise in especial reverence.

THE volume on 'Methods of Social Reform,' which Messrs. Macmillan have recently issued, consists of essays and addresses on various occasions, the original appearance of which covered a period of fifteen years. The subjects treated are various, in accordance with the late Prof. Jevons's conception of social reform as a thing to be attained only by efforts in many different directions. Some of the papers contain little or nothing that is new, while others are very suggestive alike to the social philos-

opher and the practical statesman. The essays on public libraries and on museums are well worthy of attention by the managers of such institutions and by all who are interested in popular education. The essay entitled 'Cram' is a plea for the system of education popularly designated by that name, and is perhaps as good a plea in its favor as can be made; but it leaves us unconvinced. We have no doubt that the method of study and examination which the Professor advocates will facilitate the acquisition and use of merely technical knowledge; but we do not consider the acquisition of such knowledge, or the training of the technical powers of the mind, as the most important part of education. The paper on married women in factories is rather startling to those who were not before familiar with the matters of which it treats. When we read of factory women leaving their nursing children in the hands of baby-farmers, who dose them with opium when they cry, and feed them so insufficiently that they often die of starvation, we must agree with Prof. Jevons that such a state of things calls loudly for reform. The essays on postal affairs and on state management of telegraphs and railways are well worthy of attention, as the questions of which they treat are not unlikely to become important in our own politics before many years have passed.

FATHER HELL was an Austrian astronomer sent out by the Danish Government in 1769 to observe the Transit of Venus at Wardhus in Norway. After his return the publication of his results was considerably delayed, and the impression became general that he had purposely kept back his observations, and 'cooked' and altered them to make them tally with the results of others. Encke, in his discussion of the Transit, in 1824, adopted this view; and when the original note-books turned up in Vienna, in 1835, Littrow's examination of them confirmed the belief, as there were evidently numerous erasures and interlineations. A few years ago, Prof. Newcomb, in discussing the subject, came to the conclusion that Hell's published observations were really genuine, and the pamphlet before us shows that a careful examination and criticism of the original documents fairly clears the Father's memory of all suspicions of intentional deceit, though he does seem to have treated some of his observed data a little more arbitrarily than would be thought proper by a modern astronomer.

UNDER the title of 'Outlines of United States Constitutional History,' Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. have published a volume which ought not to bear the imprint of so respectable a house. It is intended for a text-book, and is therefore to be accepted, by those into whose hands it is put, as trustworthy, and, as far as it goes, complete. But it is open to these radical objections: much of that which it professes to teach is omitted altogether; much which, if crammed into a youthful mind, would be mere useless lumber, is given with a good deal of detail; much else that it gives, though not useless knowledge, belongs properly to a political text-book rather than to any outline of constitutional history; and, on the whole, its method is so faulty and its style so imperfect and confused that the most diligent young student can hardly fail to be wearied and repelled by it.

Recent Fiction.

MANY good qualities combined make 'Princess Amélie' (No Name Series) one of the charming novels of the season. Its historical touch is accurate and vivid, without being heavily instructive; its tone is elevated and its language fine; while the mere story, even without the very clever *dénouement*—which is so skillfully managed as to defy the far-sightedness of the most hardened novel-reader—holds the interest to the last. The dignity and sweetness of the young patrician heroine, who, clever enough to see that many marriages made for love turn out very unhappily, accepts not only with resignation but with willingness the *noblesse oblige* of a lofty but loveless marriage, would sustain even a story of much less general merit; while the reader's delight in the surprise so cleverly sprung upon him at the last enables him to overlook the fact which occurs to him on sober second thought—that, however the end may have justified the means, there had certainly been a good deal of cruel deceit somewhere.

'HIS SECOND CAMPAIGN' (Round Robin Series) has an airy and delicate grace, in spite of some tragic elements, well fitting

it to be a summer novel. It is a story neither of the North nor of the South, but of the North and South—the scene being principally laid in Georgia,—and the whole is managed with wise and generous impartiality. The hero, whose first campaign had been fought under Sherman in the same vicinity, is conquered by a young lady in the second campaign fought under Cupid; the author's impartiality taking the form of a preference for Southern maidens over Yankee girls, but for frank, manly and sensible young Northern men over the melodramatic, typical Southern hero. It may be briefly asserted that the author has a great deal of faith in human nature, whether Northern or Southern. The novel is not a great one, but it is very pleasing.

'A TRAGEDY AT CONSTANTINOPLE,' by Leila-Hanoum, translated by General R. E. Colston (Gottberger), is an historical novel of our own times, dealing, however, with scenes and characters so comparatively unfamiliar that the story has almost the flavor of an antique. The combination of horrors which it records would be smiled at in a dime novel as too evidently imaginative, but the facts in this case are, unhappily, authenticated history; and painful as the story is to read, it contributes undoubtedly a valuable chapter in historical literature to enlighten the reader as to Eastern practices and habits of life whose only hope for reformation lies in their becoming generally known.

'ARDEN,' by A. Mary F. Robinson (Harper's Franklin Square Library), will hardly add to the reputation of the author, already high by reason of her delicate and graceful verse, and her admirable biography. It has pleasing points, and it is not exactly a waste of time to read it; but the story is happily an improbable one, and the reader does not find his sympathies enlisted in the cause he is expected to support.

Wordsworth and Longfellow.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

A GENEALOGY of the Wadsworth family in America, just published at Lawrence, Mass., by Horace A. Wadsworth, seems to furnish grounds of strong probability for the common descent of the poets Longfellow and Wordsworth. The evidence, such as it is, is presented in the Genealogy by Prof. M. E. Wadsworth, of Harvard University, whose careful researches into the history of the Wadsworths in England reveal the fact that the spellings 'Wadsworth' and 'Wordsworth' are used in the old records to designate, not only persons of the same family, but even the same individual. These and other spellings occur repeatedly in the Genealogy of the English poet published in 1881.

There are, in all, twenty variations in the spelling of the name—Waddesworth, Wardysworth, Wordesworth. The great-great-grandfather of the poet Wordsworth was William Wadsworth, of Wraith House, and his name is so spelled on a monumental record of his day. The first members of the family in this country were William and Christopher Wadsworth, who arrived in Boston in 'the good ship Lion,' in 1632. The poet Longfellow is a direct descendant of Christopher Wadsworth (of Duxbury, Mass.).

Facing page 51 of the Wadsworth Genealogy is an excellent steel portrait of the philanthropist, James Wadsworth, deceased, and formerly of Geneseo, N. Y. The engraving is 'by T. B. Welch and A. B. Walter, Philadelphia, from the original portrait by J. Neagle, Esq.' There is a startling resemblance between the features of this portrait and those of the poet Wordsworth,—the same massive-narrow features, towering brow, firm lips, long predaceous nose, benignant expression, and slight inclination of the head. Persons seeing it for the first time invariably remark that it looks like Wordsworth.

An important connecting link in the genealogy is, however, wanting. It has not been positively ascertained as yet whether or no Christopher Wadsworth came from

the Yorkshire family of Wadsworths or Wordsworths. Prof. M. E. Wadsworth says he feels no doubt whatever of the fact; but the records accessible in this country are not sufficient to enable him to present positive proof. Perhaps some English reader of THE CRITIC may be able to furnish the necessary documentary evidence of this new bond of union between literary England and literary America.

WILLIAM SLOANE KENNEDY.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., July 28, 1883.

Walt Whitman on the Santa Fé Celebration.

WALT WHITMAN was invited by the Tertio-Millennial Anniversary Association of Santa Fé, New Mexico, to read a poem at the recent memorial celebration in that ancient town. His reply is given below. The memorial exercises, it may be said incidentally, are soon to be repeated.

DEAR SIRS:

Your kind invitation to visit you and deliver a poem for the 333d Anniversary of founding Santa Fé has reached me so late, that I have to decline, with sincere regret. But I will say a few words off-hand.

We Americans have yet to really learn our own antecedents, and sort them, to unify them. They will be found ampler than has been supposed, and in widely different sources. Thus far, impressed by New England writers and schoolmasters, we tacitly abandon ourselves to the notion that our United States have been fashioned from the British Islands only, and essentially form a second England only—which is a very great mistake. Many leading traits for our future National Personality, and some of the best ones, will certainly prove to have originated from other than British stock. As it is, the British and German, valuable as they are in the concrete, already threaten excess. Or rather, I should say, they have certainly reached that excess. To-day, something outside of them, and to counterbalance them, is seriously needed.

The seething materialistic and business vortices of the United States, in their present devouring relations, controlling and belittling everything else, are, in my opinion, but a vast and indispensable stage in the New World's development, and are certainly to be followed by something entirely different—at least by immense modifications. Character, literature, a society worthy the name, are yet to be established, through a Nationality of noblest spiritual, heroic and democratic attributes—not one of which at present definitely exists—entirely different from the past, though unerringly founded on it and to justify it.

To that composite American identity of the future, Spanish character will supply some of the most needed parts. No stock shows a grander historic retrospect—grander in religiousness and loyalty, or for patriotism, courage, decorum, gravity and honor. (It is time to dismiss utterly the illusion-compound, half raw-head-and-bloody-bones and half Mysteries-of-Udolphi, inherited from the English writers of the past two hundred years. It is time to realize—for it is certainly true—that there will not be found any more cruelty, tyranny, superstition, etc., in the resumé of past Spanish history, than in the corresponding resumé of Anglo-Norman history. Nay, I think there will not be found so much.)

Then another point, relating to American ethnology, past and to come, I will here touch upon at a venture. As to our aboriginal or Indian population—the Aztec in the South, and many a tribe in the North and West—I know it seems to be agreed that they must gradually dwindle as time rolls on, and in a few generations more, leave only a reminiscence, a blank. But I am not at all clear about that. As America, from its many far-back sources and currents, supplies, develops, adapts, entwines, faithfully identifies its own—are we to see it cheerfully accepting and using all the contributions of foreign lands from the whole outside globe—and then rejecting the only ones distinctively its own—the autochthonic ones?

As to the Spanish stock of our Southwest, it is certain to me that we do not begin to appreciate the splendor and sterling value of its race element. Who knows but that element, like the course of some subterranean river, dipping invisibly for a hun-

dred or two years, is now to emerge in broadest flow and permanent action?

If I might assume to do so, I would like to send you the most cordial, heartfelt congratulations of your American fellow-countrymen here. You have more friends in the Northern and Atlantic regions than you suppose, and they are deeply interested in the development of the great Southwestern interior, and in what your festival would arouse to public attention. Very respectfully, etc.,

WALT WHITMAN.

"English as She is Spoke" by Indians.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

As an addition to your 'English as She is Spoke' among the Indians let me add this illustration. It was a reply by an Omaha Indian Squaw to a question of mine concerning the age of one of her children: 'She is half and a year old.'

HARTFORD, CONN., July 30, 1883. WM. A. COUNTRYMAN.

Courses of Reading on Special Subjects.

Mathematics.*

GEOMETRY.

EUCLIDEAN ELEMENTARY.

Todhunter (I.). *Elements of Euclid*. Cambridge: 1874. Drew (W. H.). *A Geometrical Treatise on Conic Sections*. Cambridge: 1875.

HISTORY.

Chasles (M.). *Aperçu historique sur l'origine et développement des Méthodes en Géométrie*. Paris: 1875. *Rapport sur les progrès de la Géométrie*. Paris: 1870.

PROJECTIVE AND HIGHER.

Church (A. E.). *Elements of Descriptive Geom.* New York: 1864. Chasles (M.). *Traité de Géométrie Supérieure*. Paris: 1852. Monge (G.). *Géométrie Descriptive*. Paris: 1827. Poncelet (J. V.). *Traité des Propriétés projectives des Figures*. Paris: 1822. Reye (Th.). *Geometrie der Lage*. Hannover: 1877-79. Steiner (J.). *Vorlesungen über synthetische Geometrie*. Leipzig: 1867. Von Standt (G. K. C.). *Geometrie der Lage*. Nüremb: 1847; *Beiträge zur Geometrie der Lage*. Nüremb: 1856-60.

NON-EUCLIDEAN.

For a full bibliography of Non-Euclidean Geometry, Hyper Space, and Geometry of n Dimensions, see *Am. Journal of Math.* Vol. I., pp. 261 and 384. Baltimore: 1878. The original sources are:

Riemann (B.). *Ueber die Hypothesen welche der Geometrie zu Grunde liegen*. Reprint in Riemann's *G. M. Werke*. Leipzig: 1876. This remarkable paper has been rendered easier by Frischauf (J.). *Absolute Geometrie nach Joh. Bolyai*. Leipzig: 1872; and has been transl. by Prof. Clifford in *Nature*, May 1st and 8th, 1873. Lobatchewsky (N. I.). *Pangeometrie*. Kazan: 1855. *Geometrische Untersuchungen zur Theorie der Parallellinien*. Berlin: 1840. The latter transl. by Hoüel into French. Paris: 1866. Grassman (H.). *Die lineale Ausdehnungslehre*. Leipzig: 1844. *Die Ausdehnungslehre*. Berlin: 1862. Beltrami (E.). *Geometria Non-Euclidea*. Naples: 1868. *Spazio di curvatura costante*. *Annali di Mat.* Ser. II., tome II. Milan: 1868. Both transl. by Hoüel. *Annales Scientif. de l'école normale supérieure*. Vol. VI. Paris: 1869.

For metaphysical bearings of this and related subjects, see *Revue Philosophique*, Nov., 1876, June, 1877. *La Géométrie imaginaire et la notion de l'espace*, by Paul Tannery. Also Stallo's (J. B.) *Concepts of Modern Physics*. New York: 1882. Clifford (W. K.). *Lectures and Essays*. London: 1879. Erdmann. *Eine Philosophische Untersuchung der Riemann-Helmholtz-schen Raumtheorie*. Leipzig: 1877.

ANALYTICAL GEOMETRY.

Salmon (G.). *The Conics*. Dublin: 1869. *Higher Plane Curves*. Dublin: 1874. *Geometry of three dimensions*. Dublin: 1874. Clebsch (A.). *Vorlesungen über Geometrie*. Edited by Lindermann. Leipzig: 1875. Serret (P.). *Geometrie de Direction*. Paris: 1869. *Polygonal Co-ordinates*.

TRIGONOMETRY.

Chauvenet (W.). *Plane and Spherical Trigonometry*. Phila.: 1875. De Morgan (A.). *Trigonometry and Double Algebra*. London: 1849. Contains a philosophical discussion on Systems of Symbolic Calculus.

QUATERNIONS.

Under this head is classified all that relates to the new Theory of Complex Quantities as originating with Argand, Cauchy, Gauss and Riemann. [Argand (R.). *Essai sur les Quantités Imaginaires*. Paris: 1806. Re-edited by Hoüel. Paris: 1874. Transl. by

Hardy. Van Nostrand Science Series, No. 52.—Cauchy (A. L.). *Exercices d'Analyse et de Physique mathématique*. Vol. IX. Paris: 1847.—Gauss (K. F.). *Anzeige zur 'Theoria residuorum biquadraticorum, commentatio secunda.'* Göttingen: 1831.—Riemann (B.). *G. M. Werke*. Leipzig: 1876. The difficult reading of the latter has been made easier by Durège, *Elemente der Theorie der Functionen einer complexen, etc.* Leipzig: 1873; Neumann, *Vorlesungen über Riemann's Theorie der Abel'schen Integrale*. Leipzig: 1865; and Thomæ, *Abriss einer Theorie der complexen Functionen, etc.* Halle: 1870.]

INTRODUCTORY.

Allegret. *Calcul des Quaternions*. Paris: 1862; Kelland and Tait. *Introduction to Quaternions*. London: 1873; Odstrčil. *Kurze Anleitung zum Rechnen mit den (Hamilton'schen) Quaternions*. Halle: 1879; Hardy. *Elements of Quaternions*. Boston: 1882.

Hamilton (Sir Wm. Rowan). *Lectures on Quaternions*. Dublin: 1873. *Elements of Quaternions*. London: 1866.

Tait (P. G.). *Elements of Quaternions*. London: 1866.

Hoüel (J.). *Théorie Élémentaire des Quantités complexes*. 4 vols. Paris: 1867-74.

Hankel (H.). *Vorlesungen über die complexen Zahlen und ihre Functionen*. Leipzig: 1867.

Bellavitis (G.). *Calcolo dei Quaternione*. Modena: 1858. *Exposition de la Méthode des Equipollences*. Paris: 1874. A transl. by Laisant from *Memoirs of the Italian Society*: 1854.

Laisant. *Applications Mécaniques du Calcul des Quaternions*. Paris: 1877. Transom. *Le Calcul Directif-Nouvelles Annales de Math.* Paris: 1868. Scheffler (H.). *Die Situationscalcul*. Bruns-
wick: 1851.

A. S. HARDY.

The Lounger

THE following has been sent to the office of THE CRITIC, with a request for an answer:

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Artists are very sensitive and probably authors are also; it is therefore difficult to know always how to treat them. I expect to meet shortly a writer who has acquired celebrity within the past few years. When I knew him, years ago, he was making a beginning in literature. Shall I praise his works or ignore them altogether, and talk about every other subject except his specialty? Which would be the more agreeable? Do authors like to talk about their works?

NEW YORK, July 28, 1883.

V. S. R.

Her first sentence suggests that the writer knows more of authors than her modesty permits her to confess. Had she edited a literary paper all her life, she could not have stated the case more accurately. In answer to her inquiry, I should say: 'Praise your friend's works to the very limit of your vocabulary. You cannot "pile it on too thick." If he is a novelist, tell him that he is as satirical as Thackeray, as humorous as Dickens, as imaginative as Hawthorne. If a poet, tell him you know of no one since Milton with such a command of blank verse—that his passion surpasses that of Byron—that his songs are more graceful than those of Tennyson—that in knowledge and wisdom he is the superior of Robert Browning. If he is an historian, tell him that his style has the stateliness of Gibbon with the picturesqueness and vivacity of Macaulay—that in philosophy he reminds you of the ancient Greeks—that his pages glow with more than Irving's humor. Tell him, in short, everything complimentary that you can think of, and he will consider you as not only the most agreeable, but the most critical and discriminating woman he ever met. You need not hesitate to confine the conversation to his works. Indeed, I doubt if he will allow you to change the subject; and you can exaggerate your eulogies in proportion, not to his distinction, but to his obscurity. The further off he is from real greatness, the better will he like to hear his praises sounded.

MR. LABOUCHERE wishes that he were a nephew or a niece of the wealthy English bachelor who has lately presented each of his brothers' and sisters' children with a cheque for £750. For my own part, I had rather be a nephew or niece, or grandnephew or grandniece, of a rich old gentleman who dines at the Union Club. Two years ago, as he sat one evening with a fellow member in the reading-room of the handsome club-house at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-first Street, it occurred to this worthy man that it wouldn't be a bad idea to make each of his nephews and nieces a trifling money present. One thousand dollars sug-

* Continued from July 28 and concluded.

gested itself as a round figure, and the following day some thirty cheques, each for that amount, were made out and mailed in various directions.—The result evidently gratified the generous donor, for last year he repeated the benefaction, this time remembering his grandnephews and grandnieces (of whom there are fifty or more), as well as the nearer relatives whom he had so handsomely tipped in 1881. Yet again this year, I understand, have these two lucky generations of next of kin been made the recipients of their uncle's bounty. As the amount thus annually disbursed exceeds \$85,000, I began to fear lest the estate from which it is drawn should be exhausted before the munificent old bachelor's death. I was reassured, however, on learning that these benefactions are subtracted from a yearly income of \$160,000.

I QUOTED, two weeks ago, the following stanza from a lament for the late James T. Brady, which appears in 'The Blind Canary,' a volume of verses by Mr. Hugh Farrar McDermott, a Jersey City journalist:

'Too soon alas! the link is broken
Too soon the days of friendship o'er;
Too soon, oh death! it must be spoken,
Our own dear Brady is no more.'

The author of the lament was aggrieved by my explanation that these lines were not from the death column of the Philadelphia *Ledger*. He complains that this is not 'fair criticism.' It was not criticism at all: it was simply an explanation. But Mr. McDermott shall be heard in his own behalf:

'FROM HUGH FARRAR McDERMOTT.

'EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, DEAR SIR:

'I think that you will, on reconsideration, think the inclosed, which appeared in your issue of Saturday last, as unkind as it is unjust. As you may see, you differ with other publications, which are supposed to know something about letters. It certainly is not fair criticism. Very respectfully,

H. FARRAR McDERMOTT.

'JERSEY CITY, July 30, '83.'

The enclosure referred to is a newspaper clipping containing extracts from a number of periodicals, and presumably private letters, in each of which the poetry of Mr. McDermott is more or less highly commended. For instance, the late Mr. Longfellow is quoted as saying: 'These poems will always engage my interest and sympathy'; the New York *Sun* declares that 'these poems will win popularity and hold it through the whirling years' (this, too, is evidently from the hand of a brother-poet); the *Herald* pronounces 'The Blind Canary' 'the best of poetry'; the *Commercial Advertiser* has discovered that 'many of the poems published in this volume are gems'; the Hudson County, N. J., *Ledger* regards some lines in 'Self-Communing' as not less 'sublime and weird' than 'Manfred'; according to the Savannah *News*, 'these poems immortalize the author'; says the Oregon *State Journal*: 'The sad spirit of disappointment so exquisitely expressed in 'Do Not Sing that Song Again' cannot but fall upon a sensitive heart like the tolling of a funeral chime'; the book strikes the Washington *Republican* as being as 'fresh and sweet as the breeze of a perfect day in June, blown over lilac blossoms and beds of strawberries. As we turn its pages they fan us with the breath of love. Its notes are like the sound of a harp attuned to the desires and passions of the human heart.' All this is high praise; but the Dublin *Express* 'sees' the Washington *Republican*, and 'goes it one better,' declaring the author of this love-breathing book to be not only a poet, but a poem: 'McDermott,' it affirms, 'is among the foremost lyrics of the day.' Last but not least comes the tribute of Dr. O. W. Holmes, who declares, in a moment of weakness, that, 'if I could sing as I once thought I could, I would make the air vocal with, "Do not Sing that Song Again."' In a circular which accompanied Mr. McDermott's note, the Autocrat is again quoted, this time as saying, 'If I could sing as I once thought I could, I would make the air vocal with "When my Days were Young and Fair."' All this, of course, is 'fair criticism.' It is the only 'criticism' that Mr. McDermott considers 'just' or 'kind.' I will take the lesson to heart, and the next time I have occasion to mention a book of poems, will wait to see whether the Savannah *News* thinks that it 'immortalizes its author,' or the Dublin *Express* pronounces him 'a foremost lyric,' or the *Sun* opines that it will 'win popularity and hold it through the whirling years,' or Dr. Holmes 'would make the air vocal' with it, if he could sing as he once thought he could.

The Critic

NEW YORK, AUGUST 11, 1883.

'ENGLISH VERSE' is the title of an important work which Messrs. Chas. Scribner's Sons will begin to publish early in the fall. It is edited by W. J. Linton and R. H. Stoddard, and will appear in five small volumes, of about 300 pages each, arranged in the following order: I. Chaucer to Burns. II. Lyrics of the XIXth Century. III. Ballads and Romances. IV. Dramatic Selections. V. Translations. The collection is said to be the largest ever made. In each volume the poets will be given in chronological order, and each will be supplied with indexes of authors, poems, and first lines. Brief biographical and bibliographical notes on the poets and their works, and brief glossarial and explanatory notes, will be appended to each volume. Mr. Linton has devoted the whole of the past year to such research in the British Museum as should insure perfect accuracy of text, and make this new edition an authoritative one. Mr. Stoddard has written a preface to each volume, and the work is now ready to be put in the printer's hands. The volumes will be sold separately or in sets, the price being one dollar apiece.

The September *Harper's* will be a particularly fine number. It opens with the first installment of a paper on Dalecarlia, Sweden, written by F. D. Millet and illustrated by Mr. Millet and T. de Thurlstrup. Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie writes of the Catskills, and her paper is illustrated by the sympathetic pencil of Mr. Harry Fenn. In the Easy Chair Mr. Curtis takes up the cudgels for Mr. C. F. Adams, Jr.

The death of Captain Webb in the Niagara whirlpool will lend a melancholy interest to an article on 'Sea-Bathing and Floating,' from his pen, which appears in the last number of *Harper's Young People*. It is a pleasant and readable paper, full of useful hints to the young bather. One of the lessons which he endeavors to impress upon the readers of his article is the difference between 'pluck' and 'fool-hardiness.' *Harper's Weekly* for last week contains a portrait of Captain Webb.

Harper & Brothers have already printed five large illustrated editions of 'Yolande' in their Franklin Square Library, besides adding it to their cloth-bound edition of Black's novels.

Gratifying progress is being made in the attempt to endow a McClintock professorship at Dickinson College. On the 27th of June, during the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the college, the sum of \$22,000 was raised by subscription, leaving \$18,000 still to be collected.

Messrs. John E. Potter & Co., of Philadelphia, have opened a New York branch over Messrs. Chas. Scribner's Sons, No. 743 Broadway. It will be managed by Mr. E. O. Chapman.

Peter Collier, late chemist of the Department of Agriculture, has written a treatise on 'Sorghum,' in which its culture and manufacture are economically considered, and its importance as a source of sugar, syrup, and fodder shown. Robert Clarke & Co. will publish the book.

It is but a few weeks since the publication of Mrs. Oliphant's 'The Ladies Lindores,' and the next number in 'Harper's Franklin Square Library' is to be a new story, entitled 'Sir Tom,' by this indefatigable writer. Mrs. Oliphant's long-expected sketch of 'Sheridan' will soon be issued in the English Men-of-Letters Series.

'Bullet and Shell,' by George F. Williams, promises to be one of the most successful war-books ever written in this country. It is already in its sixth edition. Mr. Williams has received a large number of letters from distinguished generals and soldiers in the Federal and Confederate armies, praising the romance. Not the least interesting of these is one from General McClellan, in which he says: 'The reports of general officers and military histories are all very well in their way, but necessarily deal with masses and aggregates. Your book, on the contrary, deals with the units who form the great masses of men called armies, and tells how they think and feel, act and suffer, live and die. To insure success, every commander must thoroughly understand the habits, thoughts, and characteristics of his soldiers; and, on the same principle, even the clearest and most complete accounts of the operations of a war are necessarily incomplete, unless supplemented by such a work as yours, giving a true account of what the soldiers really are, what they say and do.'

An international literary and artistic Congress will be held at Berne, beginning on the 10th of September, to consider the question of international copyright and other legal protection for artists, authors, etc.

Mr. W. J. Rolle, the Shakspearian, who has just sailed for Europe, will return at the beginning of October.

The July number of *The Library Journal* contains pp. 37-44 of Mr. Fletcher's Index to Leading Periodicals. The slips for *The National Review* for May and June, and for *Nature* for June, were not received in time for use in this issue.

Editions of Shakspeare, Early Social Life in New England, and Madison's Administrations, are the subjects treated in the *Monthly Reference Lists* for July.

'During the coming year,' says *Science*, 'experiments will be made at the physical laboratory of Johns Hopkins University with a view to aid in establishing an international unit of electrical resistance. The experiments will be carried on under the direction of Professor Rowland, with an appropriation from the Government of the United States. The results will be communicated to the international commission of electricians, meeting in Paris.'

Mrs. Janet Carlyle Hanning, of Hamilton, Ont., informs us that such letters of her brother, Thomas Carlyle, as happen to be in her possession, are 'not for publication.'

The Free Trade Club of this city is about to republish the letters on the tariff recently contributed by Mr. J. Schoenhof to the *Evening Post*. Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati, have just issued a catalogue of their works relating to free trade, protection, taxation, etc.

'The Ole Swamin' Hole,' and 'Leven more Poems,' is the title of a slender volume of Hoosier dialect-verses, by James W. Riley, republished from the Indianapolis *Journal*, by George C. Hitt & Co., of that city. The poems were first printed over the nom-de-plume of Benjamin F. Johnson, of Boone. Their new dress reflects much credit on the Indianapolis publisher.

Cape Cod, which, it seems, is not 'a barren strip of storm-swept sand,' but 'a land of green fields, groves, game, birds, and romance, as well as of dunes and fish,' is the subject of the opening article in the September *Century*.

We have received from Mr. John B. Alden a copy of his *Elzevir Catalogue* of choice books.

The Commercial Travellers' Magazine is the descriptive title of a new venture on the troubled sea of journalism. It is edited by a person apparently well informed as to the intellectual cravings of the Knights of the Sample, and in illustrations, as well as in text, is calculated to delight the drummer's heart. The magazine is to be published monthly.

Mr. W. C. Conant will predict in the September *Century* that, within a hundred years, New York will become 'the final world metropolis.' In the same number, a paper on birds, by John Burroughs, will be illustrated with another of Elbridge Kingsley's engravings, made directly on the wood without previous drawing.

The Bureau of Education has issued a Circular of Information on the co-education of the sexes in the public schools, the material employed having been contributed by the school officers and superintendents of 340 towns and cities.

Mr. A. P. C. Griffin, of the Boston Public Library, has put forth a 'Bibliography of the Discovery of the Mississippi,' the issue being limited to 150 copies.

Robert Louis Stevenson, in the last leaves from his note-book recording a trip from New York to San Francisco in an emigrant-train, printed in the August *Longman's*, is the same master of style that all his previous writings have shown him to be. But he should have stayed long enough in this country to be able to make, not a few magazine articles, but a book, of what he saw. It seems to Mr. Stevenson as if the Atlantic and Pacific railway 'were the one typical achievement of the age in which we live, as if it brought together into one plot all the ends of the world and all the degrees of social rank, and offered to some great writer the busiest, the most extended, and the most varied subject for an enduring literary work. If it be romance, if it be contrast, if it be heroism that we require, what was Troy town to this? But alas! it is not these things that are necessary; it is only Homer'—or Mr. Stevenson.

Messrs. Harper & Bros. have a large and important list of publications for the coming fall and winter, but are not prepared to announce more than the books that are now on the press—'What the Social Classes Owe to Each Other,' by Prof. W. G. Sumner; Ely's 'French and German Socialism'; and Dr. Schaff's 'Companion to the New Testament.'

Edwin Arnold is said to have been overcome by the reception in this country of his 'Light of Asia,' the manuscript of which, we hear, has just been presented to Mr. Andrew Carnegie, of this city. He is about to issue through Messrs. Trubner another East Indian poem, which will contain five idyls from the *Mahābhārata*—'Savitri, or Love and Death,' 'Nala and Damayanti,' 'The Enchanted Lake,' 'The Saint's Temptation,' and 'The Birth of Death.' An illustrated edition of 'The Light of Asia' will be published next season.

Prof. Julius Köstlin's *Life of Martin Luther*, of which Mr. Froude has written most eulogistically in *The Contemporary Review*, will, by special arrangement, be published in this country by Charles Scribner's Sons, simultaneously with its appearance in England. This work is accepted in Germany as the authoritative *Life of Luther*. It is not only accurate and comprehensive, but contains a mass of new and important material. Amongst its features are facsimiles of historical documents, and engravings from comparatively unknown portraits of Luther. The publication of this work is likely to be followed, at no distant day, by that of a life, or a study, of the great reformer by Mr. Froude, whose striking contributions to *The Contemporary* show that he has been at work for some time on this theme.

Messrs. Putnam have just published for the State Charities Aid Association a 'Handbook for Hospitals.' It should be indispensable to nurses, and of great value in every sick-room.

By their failure to recognize the important position that science should hold in the curriculum, 'the majority of our colleges are simply digging their own graves.' Such, at least, is the opinion of *The American Naturalist*, which heartily indorses Mr. Adams's recent speech.

Two new works by Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel) will, we take pleasure in announcing, be issued this fall by Messrs. Scribner. One of the two is founded upon the author's studies in English literature and history. These new volumes will appear in a new edition of Mr. Mitchell's complete works, which is necessitated by the continued demand for his writings, and the fact that the plates of the last edition are worn out.

A new book by Jules Verne, 'Godfrey Morgan,' is announced by Chas. Scribner's Sons. It is said to be one of the most fantastic creations of its author, who makes use of the wealth of a California millionaire in performing his latest wonders. The same publishers have in press a volume of 'Recollections of a Naval Officer,' by Capt. W. H. Parker, a gentleman well known in the Navy as a felicitous raconteur.

Assistant Librarian of Congress W. M. Griswold has issued the thirteenth of his *Q. P. Indexes*. (Bangor, Me.) It is an index to articles relating to history, biography, literature, society, and travel, contained in collections of essays, etc.; and though certain omissions might be pointed out, the volume is, like all of its predecessors in this series, an accurate and useful book of reference. If the present pamphlet is well received, an enlarged edition of it will be published next year.

The scope of *The Wheelman* is to be widened, so as to cover the whole field of out-door sports.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., and F. D. Millet have been cruising together for some time in Mr. Adams's yacht, the 'Winsome'—which, it will be observed, is not named from the Greek. The headquarters of the party is the Isle au Haut. Mr. Millet expects to sail for Europe in a week or so—not on the 'Winsome,' but in an ocean steamer.

The Berlin Central Business and Travelling Agency (Friedrich Strasse, 78, W.) has issued its handbook of tariffs, railroad and steamboat connections, etc., for July, August, and September. At this convenient exchange and inquiry office, which corresponds with the American Exchange in London, a registry of foreign visitors is kept, and information of all sorts furnished to travellers. A valuable feature of the exchange is a well-appointed reading-room, where some three hundred newspapers and periodicals (including *THE CRITIC*) are kept constantly on file.

Shakspeariana, a monthly magazine, will make its first appearance in November. The Leonard Scott Publishing Co. are to issue it.

BISHOP FALLOWS has given to the reading world—or rather to the world of writers—a work of much interest and value; a handbook, that is, of 'Synonyms and Antonyms, or Synonyms and Words of Opposite Meaning' (Chicago: Standard Book Co.), with an appendix containing a dictionary of Anglicisms and Briticisms, a very full list of abbreviations used in writing and printing, and a mass of useful information of a similar character. The volume is one of the series of Standard Handbooks.

ONE need not be a dude to be a well-dressed gentleman. So one may be scrupulous in using good English, without that 'fastidiousness' which, Walter Savage Landor says, 'indicates atrophy of mind.' It is, on the whole, to be regretted that 'the art of speaking and writing correctly' is rather falling into disuse. People contrive, it is true, to make themselves pretty well understood without it; but then, if one wants a picture, say, of a horse, would one as lief cut it from a circus-bill as have a *Kosa Bonheur*? Here, for example, is a specimen of the tongue in use at our Arthur's Round-Table—the court tongue of America. These are two of the lines in a despatch of six from the Secretary of War, Robert Lincoln, to inform a Chicago committee of some change in a presidential journey: 'we *will* not reach Chicago until to-morrow evening'; 'we *will* have no time on Friday except to prepare to leave on the special train.' Yet nobody had contradicted him, and he did not mean to be rude. His father would have been reminded of the little story of the unhappy Frenchman who was drowned on a question of syntax.

Nature, commenting on Prof. Pickering's recent report to the Astronomical Society, of London, concerning the work done during the past few years at the Harvard College observatory, remarks that 'it is obvious, from this account of the work at Harvard, that star-photography is entering into a new phase, and one which will entirely replace the present system of eye observations.' In the same number of the same review, the circular reporting the scientific work done at Johns Hopkins University last year is discussed at some length. 'We should much like,' says the editor, 'to see such an account of original research done and to be done issuing each year from the laboratories of Oxford and Cambridge.' *Nature* is of opinion that, 'sooner or later, in America, where the heat in summer is more distressing than in any other part of the world, and ice is everywhere,' Mouchot's sun-engine, or a similar arrangement, will be used to pump cold air into dwellings, factories, etc. Mr. Ericsson, we believe, is still at work on the model of a sun-engine, which stands in rear of his house in Beach Street, in this city.

IN *Le Livre* of July 10th are printed a number of letters from various members of the Bonaparte family, the dates of which range from 1580 to 1841. The text which forms the framework of these epistles is supplied by Dr. Guido Biagi, the keeper of the National Library, of Florence, in whose hands the originals have long reposed. Four of the letters are from the first Napoleon's elder brother, and are signed 'Joseph, Cte de Survillier.' Two are dated New York, and two 'Pointe-Breize'—which was Joseph's way of spelling the name of his home, Point Breeze, at Bordentown, N. J. The leading article in *Le Livre* is signed by H. S. Ashbee. It treats of the Index Society and its work, and is apparently one of a series on 'Some Literary Societies in England.' In the book-review department, Carlyle and Emerson are pronounced 'the most original thinkers of Saxon birth produced in the present century'; 'Mrs. Foote's' 'Led Horse Claim' is said to raise its author to the rank of the best American writers; and praise is given to the published volume of 'Essays from THE CRITIC.' On the other hand, unfavorable mention is made of Haweis's 'American Humorists,' with its artificial classification of 'Howell, Artemus Ward, Mark Pivain,' and others.

'By the terms of the will of the late Dr. James Rush, not only was the whole of his pecuniary estate bequeathed to the Philadelphia Library Company,' says the *Philadelphia Press*, 'but all his movable effects, in the shape of furniture, books, manuscripts,

even his glass and chinaware, were left to the Directors, in trust, under certain specific instructions, for the benefit of the public.' The remains of Dr. Rush and of his wife, Phoebe Anne Ridgway, repose in a vault in the Ridgway Library, in Broad Street, Philadelphia, the handsomest building devoted to literary purposes in the United States, and which contains, amongst other volumed treasures, the old Loganian collection of books and manuscripts. Within the past twelve months, Dr. W. H. B. Thomas, acting under the supervision of the Directors of the Library, has unpacked from a number of wooden cases, and made some progress in the work of classifying and pasting in scrap-books, a collection of more than 6000 letters, dating from 1769 to 1868, and addressed to Dr. Rush and his famous father, Dr. Benjamin Rush, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, and a friend of most of the eminent Americans of the XVIIIth Century. Besides these letters, the lately-opened cases contained 'diplomas possessed by both doctors, bundles of bills, funeral notices, invitations, play-bills, visiting cards, etc.' It was the will of Dr. Rush that none of these things should be destroyed or given away. They will, accordingly, be preserved with sedulous care, and will doubtless prove of great value to historians of the Quaker City.

A MODEL catalogue, 'constructed on the idea that the best possible catalogue is that which best makes known to the average reader the entire contents of a library,' is that of the Peabody Institute of Baltimore, of which Part I., covering A. to C., has just been issued. It aims to answer the three important questions: Is a given book in the library? Are the works of a given author there? What does the library contain on a given subject? These questions are answered in a single alphabet, in which each book appears three times—under its author, its title and its subject. Periodicals, bound pamphlets, publications of academies and learned societies (except their scientific divisions), antiquarian, historical, and miscellaneous collections, are all indexed, and the references arranged in their proper places, the volume, page, and number of pages, being given. It will be noticed that for periodicals the same work has been done that is covered by Poole's Index, but the work on this catalogue was begun in 1869, long before that on the Index.—The library indexed now contains 80,000 volumes, and fourteen years' steady work has been put into the catalogue, the force engaged upon it being small. This first part contains 61,184 references, and four additional volumes are expected to complete the work; a supplement to cover the additions made while these volumes are being printed will be added. The contents of books are given, not by volumes, but by subjects in alphabetical order, printing the subject word wherever it stands in the sentence in full-faced type. Type and paper have been made expressly for the book, and its typography and press-work are superb.—No one knows better than the makers of such a catalogue, how impossible it is to secure absolute correctness, and to avoid repeating errors made by previous workers. We name three or four that have come under our notice:—Maj.-Gen. J. G. Barnard's name was John Gross, not Jonathan Gilbert; Karl does not belong with the Christian names of Count Bismarck-Schoenhausen, and should be omitted; Champollion-Figeac's name should be Jacques Joseph, not Jean Jacques as incorrectly given by many French authorities; Johann Jacob Claude, though born at The Hague, was pastor of the French church in London, where he died in 1712 at the age of 28. A volume of his sermons was published in French at Amsterdam in 1713. His name should be given as Jean Jacques Claude. But these, except the last, are *inherited* errors.

GERMAN NOTES.

Two new novels by Emil Taubert are in press, 'Sphinx Atropos' and 'Marianne.'—The Letters of Duke Karl August of Saxony-Weimar-Eisenach to Knebel and Herder, by Heinrich Duntzer, is announced as just published in Leipzig.

DANISH NOTES.

THE latest work of Jonas Lie, 'Livsslaven,' has just appeared in Copenhagen, and a novel by Alexander Kielland, entitled 'Gift,' will shortly be published there.—An illustrated history of Danish literature, by P. Hansen, modelled on Robert König's illustrated history of German literature, is appearing in parts, in Copenhagen.

ITALIAN NOTES.

'THE first volume of an edition of the rare or unpublished works of Alessandro Manzoni has appeared in Milan. It contains a number of autograph facsimiles. Other volumes are in preparation, and the edition will be completed by a study of the 'Life and Times of A. Manzoni,' by Ruggiero Bonghi. — 'Voices of the Soul,' a volume of sonnets, by Alberto Rondani, has reached a second edition, and is favorably reviewed by the Italian press.

The second volume of the published and unpublished letters of Count Camillo Cavour, collected and commented on by the Hon. Luigi Chiala, has just been published by Roux and Favale of Turin. It appeared on the twenty-second anniversary of the death of the great statesman. The letters included in this volume cover the historical period from the elevation of Count Cavour to the Presidency of the Council of Ministers (November 4, 1852), up to the eve of the memorable words addressed by Napoleon III. to the ambassador Hubner in Paris (January 1, 1859). The volume is enriched with a facsimile of a letter of eight pages written by Count Cavour, on the 24th of July, 1858, to Gen. Alfonso La Marmora, concerning the famous colloquy held at Plombières with Napoleon III.

Atto Vannucci, a distinguished man-of-letters and senator, died recently in Florence. He filled the post of deputy in the Tuscan Parliament of 1848, and was afterward exiled. Among his most important works are 'The Early Days of Florentine Liberty,' 'The Martyrs of Italian Liberty' (a work which ran through five editions), 'The History of Ancient Italy,' and 'Memories of the Life and Works of G. B. Niccolini.' — Another important man-of-letters, jurist and politician, Alberto Mario, died not long since at Lendinara. He was noted chiefly for his political and radical sympathies, and was connected with the Internationalist movement, but he also produced a number of successful literary works, including a life of Garibaldi.

'Luisa,' a narrative poem by Adolfo Gemma, is at present receiving much notice from the Italian press. The plot is extremely simple. Luisa Gradenigo, a Venetian lady, falls in love with Count Vittorio degli Astengo, an officer of the army of Victor Emanuel, marries him, abandons Venice, and goes to live in the Count's ancestral castle in the Val d'Aosta. In 1859, Vittorio falls fighting against the Austrians at San Martino. Luisa goes mad and dies. Ten years later a young officer visits the Ossuary of San Martino to pray there. He is the son of Vittorio and Luisa, destined from his birth to the service of the king. The work shows considerable talent, although it is full of passages that suggest reminiscences of poets read by the author. Traces of the influence of Ugo Foscolo, and more particularly of Alessandro Alceardi, are perceptible in the work, but there is a vein of true originality and inspiration running through it which promises well for the future of the author.

HUNGARIAN NOTE.

THE Verein für Deutsche Literatur has just brought out the fourth part of the seventh series of its publications. It is 'Modern Hungary,' as pictured in essays and sketches, by Joh. von Asbóth, Agay, L. Aigner, W. Deák, K. von Eötvös, Maurus Jokai, Koloman von Mikszáth, Franz von Pulszky, Prof. H. Vambéry, L. Hevesi, and others, edited by Dr. Ámbros Nemenyi. Among the most important essays are 'The Epochs of Hungarian Literature,' by Prof. G. Heinrich; 'Alexander Kisfaludy,' by Anton Graf Szecsen; 'Alexander Petöfi,' by Prof. Eugen Peterfy; 'Hungary in her Monuments,' by Franz von Pulszky; 'Hungarian Art,' by Dr. J. Pasteiner; 'Hungarian Dramatic Art,' by Dr. A. Oetvös; 'The Music and Musicians of Hungary,' by Stefan Bartalus; 'The Hungarian Opera,' by Max Schütz; 'Hungarian Customs and Costumes,' by Wolfgang von Deák; 'From my Stage-Career,' by Maurus Jokai; and 'Budapest,' by Ludwig Hevesi.

The Book-Exchange.

[UNDER this heading, any reader of THE CRITIC who wishes to exchange one book for another may advertise his wants. No statement will be published unless accompanied, as a guaranty of good faith, by the name and address of the person sending it. But each statement will be numbered, and in cases where the name of the advertiser is not printed, answers addressed to the proper number will be forwarded by THE CRITIC. In such cases a postage-stamp should be sent, to cover the cost of forwarding the answer from this office.—Payment

will not be required for a single insertion, but when an advertisement is repeated, each additional insertion will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.]

23.—Offer desired for: Medical and Surgical History of the War of the Rebellion. 4 parts. Good condition. For sale: 1 set Harvard Shakespeare, 20-vol. edition, one-half calf, new, \$39. The same in cloth, new, \$17. The same in 10 vols., cloth, \$14. Address T.

28.—Irving's Life of Columbus, 3 vols. Sparks's Writings of Washington, 11 vols. Exchange for standard medical works, or sell. F. C. Sheldon, M. D., Pasadena, Cal.

32.—J. J. Rein's 'Japan,' Vol. I. German,—it is not translated. Burnouf's 'Buddhisme' (French). St. Hilaire's 'Le Bouddha et sa Religion.' Henri Cordier, Bibliotheca Sinica, Vol. I. and Part I. of Vol. II. The most complete and valuable bibliography of works relating to China. All are new, leaves uncut, and the latest editions. For sale or exchange. Frank S. Dobbins, Allentown, Pa.

The Drama

MESSRS. HARRIGAN AND HART have opened the theatrical season by reviving the 'Mulligan Guards' Ball,' one of their successes of other days. There is a general belief on the stage that a generation of playgoers lasts for less than ten years, and that, when ten years have passed, all that was old becomes new again, and a race is born with an insatiable appetite for that which its predecessors have discarded. Survivors there may be of the past generation: playgoers of twenty, nay, of thirty years' standing; but these elderly creatures have long since ceased to have any taste at all, and managers can set before them whatever rechauffé they please, and be sure of escaping detection.

At the Theatre Comique, it is certain, a new generation has arisen. All these fine ladies and gentlemen, who on Monday took their ease in its orchestra chairs, had certainly never seen Dan Mulligan in his prime, and were now listening for the first time to the original version of 'The Babies on our Block,' which an Arctic correspondent said he heard played in the wilds of Kamtchatka. We of the elder world may drowsily nod, our antediluvian heads; we may take the faintest interest in the doings of Captain Primrose and the tittle-tattle of Gossip Row; we may see a strange face between the familiar whiskers of the Rev. Palestine Pewter, and sigh for the memory of the lamented Billy Gray; but pshaw! It is for such as we are that Mr. Harrigan is playing his famous piece; and the laughter is rippling as it rippled of old in the days when Plancus was consul and the streets were not yet vocal with the melody of 'The Babies on our Block.'

Still, the revival means that the theatre has nearly exhausted its resources, and criticism may here exercise a useful function by suggesting a method by which the experiment known as 'local drama' may be preserved to the American stage. At first sight it seems preposterous to suppose that it could ever die. There is no city in the world so full of extraordinary types as New York. The mixture of nationalities gives unbounded resources to the dramatist. If Dickens could collect almost all his characters in a few by-streets of London, and Thackeray could catch nearly all his personages between South Kensington and the club-houses of St. James's Street, what chances are offered to a professional delineator of character in a town where as many languages are spoken and as many modes of life are witnessed as in a gathering of Mussulman pilgrims at Mecca?

Mr. Harrigan began well. He was good at sketches. He had mastered the business of the variety stage, knew what jokes caught the fancy of the people, and what songs tickled their ear. He was also, in his way, an observer, and took notes of all he saw. He understood the habits of the tenement houses, and was familiar with

the ways of washerwomen. He accompanied Irish excursionists on their barges, studied their slang, watched their quarrels. He went to meetings of the colored folks, attended their Bethels, saw them at the policy shop. With an eye to the stage he did what the keener kind of reporter does with an eye to journalism, and being exceedingly happy in colloquial dialogue, and having learned to handle with exceeding skill an army of supernumeraries, and being supported by some of the best performers of the variety theatres, he presented to New York an entirely new spectacle, of which so shrewd a dramatic judge as Mr. Boucicault said that, if properly worked, there were millions in it.

Of plot there was little or none. In one of the pieces Dan Mulligan goes hunting during three acts for an office. In another a trunk is stolen and pursued. In a third a mud-contract is the pivot of the interest. In a fourth the characters give chase to a goat. Matter enough, you will say, for a comic play. Lebiche made a classical comedy from the adventures of a straw hat. Sardou worked wonders with a scrap of paper. True; very true. But Mr. Harrigan knows nothing of the Frenchmen's art. He is a novice in the business of theatrical building. Instead of advancing logically from point to point, his people roam aimlessly about the stage, referring at intervals to Dan Mulligan's office, or the trunk, or the mud-contract, or the goat, or whatever the theme of the piece may be. 'What is the new play all about?' asks a friend. 'The same old thing,' you reply. 'Braham's songs, Hart's brogue, Harrigan's jokes, Wilde's dances.' 'And the plot?' 'Plot? It has none.'

The result is weariness. The spectators have not been interested. They have laughed spasmodically. They have tried to catch the melodies. They have been amused by the sight of familiar scenes. They have learned a few jests for repetition in the bar-rooms or at home. But they have not cared a continental whether Dan Mulligan got his office, or Captain McNab his mud-contract, or the Widow Nolan her goat, and as they came out to see a play, not a series of variety sketches, they return with the sense of having spent an evening of futility.

What is the remedy? Mr. Harrigan dimly sees it. From time to time he presents a piece like 'Mordecai Lyons' in which the comic interest shall be subordinate to the serious interest. The result, however, is inharmonious. The two elements refuse to mix. The pathetic part becomes stilted and absurd; the humorous part becomes silly. It is the fault of the craftsman. Mr. Harrigan relies too much on his own gifts, and on the gifts of those who immediately surround him. What he needs is a well-written farce: a farce after the manner of 'Seven Twenty Eight,' adapted to the life of the New York streets; a farce with a consistent story and a well-defined purpose; a farce as wildly extravagant as anything produced at the lighter houses of Paris and yet as logical in its absurdities as 'Slasher and Crasher' or 'Box and Cox.'

'Certainly,' Mr. Harrigan may reply. 'I will shelve the Mulligans for good when you have found me an original writer of farce.' Original farce-writers, we admit, are birds of rare plumage. But where are the adapters?

Richter's Invisible Lodge.

From the German of

JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER.

By CHARLES T. BROOKS. 16mo, Leisure Hour Series, \$1; Leisure Moment Series, 30 cents.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR:

16mo, Leisure Hour Series, \$1 per volume.

TITAN, 2 volumes.

FLOWER, FRUIT AND THORN PIECES, 2 vols.

HESPERUS, 2 volumes.

CAMPANER THAL, 1 volume.

HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK.

JUST READY.

New, Enlarged, and Revised Edition.

The Mineral Springs of the United States

and Canada. Third edition, revised and considerably enlarged. By GEO. E. WALTON, M.D. With maps. 12mo, cloth, \$2.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers,
1, 3, and 5 Bond St., New York.

"Of personal interest to every one in good society."

THE SEASON.

AN ANNUAL RECORD OF SOCIETY

IN NEW YORK, BROOKLYN, AND THE SUBURBS.

Edited by C. H. CRANDALL.

12mo, 420 pages, Fine Cloth and Gilt, \$3.

THE SEASON is one of the handsomest books of the year and will adorn any parlor table. Its record of weddings, balls, literary and social club meetings, theatricals, receptions, dinner parties, and other social occasions, from September 1882, to June 10, 1883, is full and accurate, and will be found valuable as history, convenient for reference, and entertaining for general perusal. Essays by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, on Woman's Social Power; Dr. O. W. Holmes on Emerson's Poetry; and "M. E. W. S." on New York's Fashionable Women, and other articles of social interest will be found in the introductory pages. The classified index contains 290 weddings, 240 receptions, 180 dinner-parties, 60 balls, etc., etc.

It has been accepted by the best society.

"It will be welcomed."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"Will be eagerly sought for."—*N. Y. World.*

"Society will gladly welcome this dainty volume."—*Quercus.*

For sale at Brentano's, Tyson's, Fifth Avenue Hotel, Windsor Hotel, United States and Grand Union Hotels, Saratoga, W. R. Jenkins', Bellevue Avenue, Newport, and at first-class bookstores in the principal cities, and watering-places generally.

WHITE, STOKES & ALLEN, Publishers,
1152 Broadway, New York.

Nuova Antologia.

An Italian Fortnightly Review of Literature, Arts, and Science.

Published in Rome on the 1st and the 15th of each month.

Editor: P. PROTONOTARI.

Contributors:

Senators: Ferrara, Jacini, Magliani, Mamiani, Massarani, Gen. Mezzacapo, etc.

Deputies: Bonghi, Chiala, Crispi, Luzzatti Minghetti, Sella, De Zerbi, etc.

Novelists: Barrili, Boito, Castelnovo, De Amicis, Farina, Rovetta, Saredo, etc.

Professors: D'Ancona, Amari, Carducci, De Sanctis, Mosso, Palma, Stoppani, Villari, etc.

Each number contains about 200 pages.

	ONE YEAR.	SIX MONTHS.
United States.....	\$10 00	\$5 10
Great Britain.....	£1 17s.	£1.

Subscriptions Received—

New York: Office of THE CRITIC, 30 Lafayette Place; Rome: CORSO, 466.

SIXTH ANNUAL
EDITION.

The List

A VISITING AND SHOPPING
DIRECTORY.

For the Season of 1883-4,

Will be Issued to Subscribers only, in
NOVEMBER.

The List contains upward of 5000 of the best names of New Yorkers. The names of all the most prominent people in Brooklyn, and many attractive and valuable additions.

COMPILED BY
MAURICE M. MINTON.

Price, \$3.00.

PUBLISHED BY
The List Publishing Company,
140 Nassau Street,
NEW YORK.

"LIFE"

A NEW ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,
HUMOROUS, SATIRICAL,
REFINED,
ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

"We find nothing amateurish about the newcomer; it seems to have been born grown up; it is workmanlike in every part. It is fresh, vigorous, gentlemanly, genial, and satisfying. We commend it to at least fifty thousand readers in this town."—*The Sun*.

AN ABLE CORPS OF CONTRIBUTORS:

W. L. ALDEN, author of "The Moral Pirates." W. H. BISHOP, author of "The House of the Merchant Prince." J. CHEEVER GOODWIN, author of "Evangeline." ROBERT GRANT, author of "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl." A. A. HAYNA, author of "A Symposium on the Chinese Question." G. T. LANIGAN, author of "Fables out of the World." G. P. LATHROP, author of "An Echo of Passion." J. B. MATTHEWS, author of "French Dramatists." H. G. PAINE, author of "All on a Summer's Day." ARTHUR PENN, author of "The Rhymester." J. S. OF DALL, author of "Guerdale." F. D. SHEPHERD, author of "Her Portrait by Sarony." J. T. WHEELWRIGHT, author of "Rollo in Cambridge."

ARTISTS:

F. G. ATTWOOD, J. A. MITCHELL,
CHAS. KENDRICK, GRAY PARKER,
H. W. MCVICKAR, And many others.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: \$5 PER YEAR, POSTAGE
PREPAID; 10 CENTS A COPY.

ADDRESS

OFFICE OF "LIFE," 1155 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK CITY.

Johns Hopkins University,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.
Collegiate and University Courses.
Announcements for 1883-1884 will be sent
on application.

THE CHICKERING PIANO

"THE BEST IN THE WORLD."

Before buying elsewhere, write for New Illustrated
Catalogue and Price-List—just published.
MENTION THIS PAPER.

CHICKERING & SONS,

WAREHOUSES:

30 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.; 156 TREMONT STREET, Boston.

From June 16 to September 22

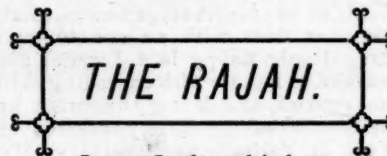
The Critic

will be published for... After
September 22 it will again be published weekly.

BURN PRINTING HOUSE, NEW YORK.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, 24th Street and Broadway.

THE SUMMER SUCCESS.



Incessant Laughter and Applause.

The Literary Bureau,

under the management of gentlemen of long experience as editors and publishers' readers, is prepared to correspond with authors in regard to the disposal of their MSS., and deliver critical opinions upon them, to revise and edit MSS. for the press, etc. Translations executed from and into nearly all languages; Pamphlets and Circulars written; Indexes and Catalogues prepared at short notice.

JAMES HUNTER, A.M., Literary Manager,

Editor Supplement to Worcester's Dictionary, etc.)
Address P. O. BOX 1671, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS



Leading Numbers: 14, 048, 130, 333, 181.

For Sale by all Stationers.

THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,
Works, Camden, N. J. 26 John St. New York.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.



Warranted absolutely pure
Cocoa, from which the excess
of oil has been removed. It is a
delicious drink, nourishing and
strengthening; easily digested;
admirably adapted for invalids
as well as persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO.,
Dorchester, Mass.



COPYRIGHTED.

CELEBRATED HATS,

178 & 180 FIFTH AVENUE, Bet. 2nd & 3rd STS., and
179 BROADWAY, Near CORTLANDT ST.,

NEW YORK.

And Palmer House, Chicago, Ill.,
CORRECT STYLES. EXTRA QUALITY.
Lyon's Fine Silk Umbrellas and Walking-Sticks, Ladies
Riding and Walking Hats.
None Genuine without above Trade-Mark.
AGENCIES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES.